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E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

LONDON CHURCH-YARD.

MORS SOLA FATETUR,
QUANTULA SINT HOMINUM CORPUSCULA.
JUVENAL, SAT. X.

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M.DCC.XCII.



E L E G Y.

BENEATH the laurel let the hero rest,
Ye myrtles flourish with eternal bloom,
Ye roseate wreaths, by weeping Fancy drest,
Shed your fresh odours o'er the vaulted tomb.

Let Sculpture grace the variegated stone,
And chaste Design entice the moving eye ;
Pour out the treasures from the Muses' throne,
And give to genius—immortality.

A 2

Ah

Ah ! what avails the decorated fane,
The proud mausoleum, and the sculptur'd urn ;
The hero's conquest, and the poet's strain,
The breast that opens, and the thoughts that burn ?

Speak, ye proud tow'rs, that once in splendour rose,
Where's the pale ashes in your haughty dome ?
No more the glimmering lamp at midnight glows,
The humble relics of eternal Rome.

No more at Pompey's feet shall Cæsar fall ;
Loft is the statue of avenged pride :
Time sweeps the conquer'd, conqueror and all,
And drowns remembrance in oblivion's tide.



No

No more the marble lives, the sculpture breathes,
Save in the record of th' historic page ;
There virtue, bounded with eternal wreaths,
Immortal shines, and lives to every age.

Now Cynthia, gliding thro' th' aërial way,
Lights half the world, and sweetly smiles serene ;
Now coyly imitates the glow of day,
And plays fantastic in her azure sheen.

Hark ! from yon tower the solemn bell beats one ;
An awful tremor shakes the yielding air :
Silence disturb'd—no more—the sound is gone ;
Like hope, light-glancing on the brow of care.

Thou

Thou sacred house * that prayer has holy made ;
Copy of Balbec † in her tow'ring pride,
When every pomp of splendour was display'd,
And conquer'd nations knew no pow'r beside ;

Say, may a stranger rest beneath thy dome,
And calmly meditate the lonely hour ?
Meek Contemplation bears him from his home,
Albeit a wanderer from his peaceful bow'r.

No—from my eyes as cheering sleep has fled,
Slow thro' thy church-yard let me silent stray ;
Walk thro' the mansions of the silent dead,
And find in night more comforts than in day.

* Covent Garden Church.

† The Temple of Balbec, the ancient Heliopolis.

Now

Now Cynthia, seeking for Endymion's charms,

Obliquely casts her glories o'er yon stone :

No more the earth beneath her beauty warms,

Or music cheers it with her airy tone.

Hah ! save me, Heaven—'tis *Edwin's* fairy name,

Mirth's dear enchanter, nature's prodigy ;

Pastime of genius—made in Fancy's game,

That Laughter in excess might heave a sigh.

Is this the spot where so much wit is laid ?

Are the sad relicks of poor Edwin here ?

Remembrance pays a tribute to thy shade

And bathes thy much-lov'd ashes with a tear.

If

If human frailty brought thee down to man,
Heav'n bids us humbly pity and deplore ;
'Tis pride to reason, arrogant to scan,
Ye more than virtuous, go, and sin no more.

Where is th' eccentric smile, the comic pow'r,
The touch that genius only can profess ;
The art for nature to resign her dow'r,
And frantic struggle—*Edwin* to caress ?

'Tis gone, and Fancy with her Edwin sleeps ;
Loose flows her mix'd robe and her airy wand :
See o'er the grave that sober Cynthia weeps,
And falls the dew-drop from her silver hand.

Slow

Slow fall the tears of heav'n to wet the ground,
On *Sherry's* * tomb some pearly beauties fall ;
On *Beard's* † plain stone the liquid drop is found—
The eye that weeps for one must weep for all.

Sleep, sleep in peace while Memory wakes the lay,
And Melancholy calls the midnight song ;
Adieu, ye children of the mirthful day,
Whom Nature form'd, and Fancy led along.

Lo ! Cynthia weeps, and hides her blushing face,
The tears drop gently from her lovely eyes ;
A mournful sadness fills her solemn place,
And a blank horror all her feat supplies.

Farewell

* Miss Sherry, who performed in the comedy of the School for Scandal.

† Mr. Beard—equally respected as a singer and a man of character.

Farewell thou dome ; ye sheeted dead adieu !

Oft in my thoughts shall melancholy dwell,
When Memory, Edwin, bids me think of you,
And sighing utters—Edwin, fare thee well.

Perhaps (" tho' fondly I may hope in vain")

Some friend may wish thy tomb-stone to explore,
When the grav'd cenotaphs no more remain,
And every trace of Edwin is no more.

To save thy memory, and to guard thy name,

Thus shall the laurels o'er thy ashes grow ;
While Truth, attending to the voice of Fame,
Gives sweet accordance to the words below.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head, and may it rest in peace ;
May sorrow vanish, and may trouble cease.
Here rests the frolic son of truant Mirth,
That Nature smil'd on at his dawning birth ;
View'd him, delighted, with a mother's eye,
And beckon'd Edwin from his infancy ;
Whate'er was mirthful to the public gave,
And veil'd his foibles in the silent grave.
Thus the proud column, by the artist's hand,
Braves the high air—an emblem of command ;
Till, struck by time, its pride is overthrown,
And all its beauty's in a moment gone.
No farther seek his praise or blame to scan,
Or prais'd or pitied—Edwin was a man.

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E. P. T. A. P. H.

There is no doubt, but only a little more

of the same kind, and very much more

of the same kind, and very much more

of the same kind, and very much more

of the same kind, and very much more



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